useful for the House. She could have cleaned the floor, or cooked a roast. She never did. She needed guidance. There wasn't any. She needed to be told, but she never was.

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Adam phoned me very early one morning. I was doing the midnight to 8 A.M. shift. Babs had called in sick after another argument with Gladys over whose turn it was to mop the floor. Women's work, which none of ours wanted to do. Adam said he wouldn't be coming to work today. It was 4 A.M. and he hadn't been able to sleep because of the pain in his knees. He was lying on the sofa in the basement of the town house he'd gone into debt for. He'd put pillows under his knees and propped up his legs. The painkillers weren't helping. He'd just taken another sleeping pill. I think that was why he was less reserved than usual. I asked him if he often had trouble sleeping. He said every night. I said I was sorry. I asked how long he'd been having such trouble. He said ten years. I asked if there were anything that could be done about it. He said no. He'd have it for the rest of his life. He had to live with it. We didn't know that it wasn't for much longer. I said I was sorry. He said he was sorry I had to work his shift on top of my own. He told me not to get burnt out. He was breathing heavily. I thought maybe the drugs were beginning to take effect. He said there was work to do. I couldn't understand why he was breathing so heavily. Then, with a sob in his voice, he said, "We need